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FROM THE

SUBSCRIPTION FUND,

BEGUN IN 1858.

3 April, 1888,

1885
Hunterian Club

1885—London, York

AUE CÆSAR
GOD SAUE THE KING

BY
SAMUEL ROWLANDS

REPRINTED FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE
1885

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB

1885

9

AUE CÆSAR
GOD SAUE THE KING

BY
SAMUEL ROWLANDS

REPRINTED FROM THE UNIQUE ORIGINAL

1603

38-458



9 PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
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PREFATORY NOTE.



IT was only after the Works of SAMUEL ROWLANDS had been completed that it became known that a tract bearing his initials was reprinted by Mr. Henry Huth in "Fugitive Poetical Tracts" (*Second Series*, 1875), and there Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who edited them, suggested ROWLANDS' authorship of "*Aue Cæsar*." The late Mr. J. Payne Collier, in "Bibliographical Notes" still in manuscript, after unhesitatingly assigning its authorship to ROWLANDS, goes on to say: "The writer's well-known initials are at the end of this *Epitaph on the death of her most Royall Maiestie, our late Queene* which follows his *Aue Cæsar*, and both are full of loyalty on the one hand and lamentation on the other."

The question having been lately referred to Mr. Edmund Gosse, his communication will be read with interest: "I am convinced that *Aue Cæsar* is a pamphlet of ROWLANDS: I could not be more sure of it if his name was affixed to the title page. It bears all the peculiarity of his tone and versification; the clear and even style, the six-line stanza

PREFATORY NOTE.

that he so fondly affected, the trite plain morality, all are his or nobody's. Then notice that W. F. and G. L. are W. Ferbrand and George Loftes, ROWLANDS' publishers, who brought out *Looke to it: For Ile Stabbe ye*, in 1604. There are various little similarities between this and other pamphlets of ROWLANDS. Note, for instance, the stanza beginning 'Most sacred Tyme,' which was the germ of the *Terrible Battell* of 1606. To my mind, the authorship of ROWLANDS may be asserted without a particle of hesitation."

From this weight of opinion in favour of ROWLANDS' authorship, it has been decided to issue "Aue Cæsar" as a part of the Hunterian Club edition of his Works. This reprint is, as near as may be, a typographical facsimile of the original, of which only one copy is known to be in existence, preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It was probably looked upon, when published, as of too ephemeral a character to merit being entered in the "Stationers' Registers," as no trace of it is to be found there.

Ashe III, 36.

GLASGOW, *March*, 1886.

Aue Cæsar.
God faue the King.

The ioyfull Ecchoes of loyall English hartes,
entertayning his Maiesties late
ariuall in England.

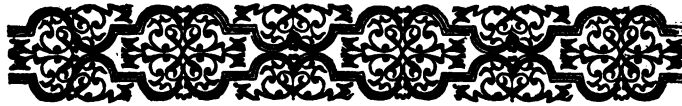
With an Epitaph vpon the death of her
Maiestie our late Queene.



*Our weeping eyes do bath Elizaes Tombe,
Our louing hartes yeelde Iames her Princely roome.*

LONDON,
Printed for W. F. and G. L. and are to be sold
in Popes-hed-Ally neare the Exchange.

1 6 0 3.



Aue Cæfar.

EVen as the Sunne from foorth a watry clowd,
That late welny had drownd the world with raine:
Breakes with his brightnes through that fable shrowd
Drying the moyfture from earth's face againe,
Reuiuing that by his kind Influence,
Which had decay'd by Waters violence,

So Vertues Sunne, great Monarch of these Ifles,
Thy splendant rayes haue wrought the like effect;
Our teares thou haft conuerted into fmiles,
To greater Ioyes then ere we could expect:
The wit of man, mans weake vnable wit,
Admires the power of Heauen in working it.

That hand which came vnto vs with a rod,
And tooke away our peace-preferuing Queene:
That Scepter-giuer, Crowne-dispofing God:
In doubt, and dread, his mercie plac'd betweene:
And where our finnes for vengauce, vengauce cri'd
Compassion lay'd the fword of Wrath afide.

A ii.

As





AVE CÆSAR.

Gen. 27:41

As *Eſaw* wiſh'd for *Iſaacks* dying day,
And ſayd, the dayes of ſorrowing are at hand,
My Father dead, I will my Brother ſlay:
So did the bloody *Eſawes* of this land,
Whoſe plots to more then wiſhes did extende,
For many wayes they did attempt her ende.

But neuer could the Deui'll by his perſwaſion,
Effect his purpoſe to her ouerthrow:
Not Poyſon, Dagger, Piſtoll, nor inuaſion,
Could make dayes ſhort, where heauen would yeeres
He that of life doth number euery hower, (beſtow.
Will put lifes lymits in no humane power.

Death came vnto her hauing Gods Commiſſion,
That ſhe to heauen her progreſſe muſt commence:
For to this world ſhe came vpon condition,
To leaue the ſame when God did call from hence:
Her Kingdome heere, was varying by ſuccesſion,
But that's a Kingdome endleſſe in poſſeſſion.

It





GOD SAVE THE KING.

It were ingratefull to forget the peace,
The plentie, and the great prosperitie:
The manifold great blesfings and encrease,
In foure and fourtie yeeres felicitie,
Vnder the Scepter of our gracious Princeffe,
Our peace-preferuing, world admired Empreffe.

If *David* mourned for the death of *Saul*,
And did the people therevnto prepare?
Haue not we cause to become mourners all
For her, with whom King *Saul* was no compare;
Although some vertues in him might be found,
They were small Starres; her Sun-shine did abound.

2 Sam. 1. 2. 4.
2. 4. 23. 11
In Scarlet he did *Israels* Daughters cloth,
And ornaments of Gold vnto them gaue:
But thee adorned foule and body both,
With richest clothing that a Realme can haue.
There is a Garment hath a Wedding name,
Most happy guest that can put on the same.

A iii.

That





AVE CÆSAR.

That glorious habit hath her foule put on,
And in the Court of Heu'n is resident:
Where all sing prayse to him sits on the throne,
The King of Kings, and God omnipotent
There rest faire Soule; thy Body heere abide,
Thy fame flie through the world both farre and wide.

An Epitaph on the

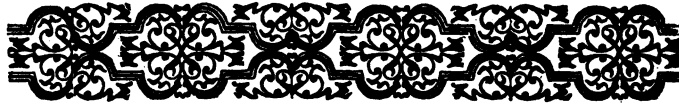
death of her most Royall

Maieslie, our late Queene.

Sacred Celestiall Deities Diuine,
Mortall's that do proceed of humane line,
All you that know what griefes and sorrowes bee,
Come and teare-wash an Empreſſe Tombe with mee.
Melpomene thou tragike dolefull Muse,
Put on some blacke, which thou did'st neuer vse,
And in the saddest Sable can be had;
Let all thy Sisters in the like be clad:
Their liquid Pearles in plentie we must borrow,
Because it is no common vsuall sorrow.

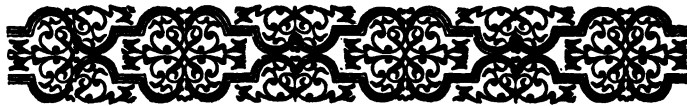
The





GOD SAVE THE KING.

*The Phenix of the World to Heauen is flowne,
And of her Ashes there remeyneth none:
The Pellican that did her young-ones good,
Hath yeilded all her vitall streames of blood.
Cynthia that gaue the World a glorions shine,
Shall neuer more be seene with mortall eyen:
The fayrest Rose, the sweetest Princely Flower,
Lyes with'red now by Death's coold nipping power.
You spirits of the highest Element,
You heauenly sparkes of wit, with one consent
Conioyne, and from the treasurie of Artes,
Giue honour to the Queene of good-defartes:
The reuerent Lady, Nurse of all our Land,
That sway'd a Sword like Iudeth's, in her hand.
The Debora that iudged Israell:
Whose blessed actions God did prosper well:
She that did neuer purpose wrong to any,
Though iniuries to her, were done by many.
She that no longer rule on earth did craue,
Then best, and most desired, she might haue.
She that with Mercyes winges adorn'd her Throne,
And yet with Iustice ballance sate thereon.
Report her Prayse to all haue eares to heare it,
A iiij. Sound*





GOD SAVE THE KING.

*Sound out her Fame as farre as Fame can beare it.
Let from the Earth, her fame to Heauen sounde,
Let from the Heauen, her fame to Earth rebounde:
Let through the Ocean waues pronounce the fame,
And whirling windes be agentes of her Fame:
Let Heauen, Aire, the Ocean, and the Earth,
With Ecchoes sound blessed Elizabeth.
Yea let the very Stones where shee shall lie,
Tell ages following, this of ours gone by:
Within our marble armes we do enclose
The virgin Queene, the White and Red-crown'd Rose,
That rul'd this Realme so happy, fourtie fowre,
As neuer Prince did raigne the like before.
From Men, with Sainctes shee liues in high esteeme,
Seated in blisse, which best doth her esteeme.*

S. R.

Stay





GOD SAVE THE KING.

STay Sorrowes there about *Elizaes* Tombe,
From whence, with hopefull hartes we now retire:
Let Griefe yeeld place, and giue our Loyes some rome
To entertaine the King of our desire,
JAMES first of *England*, and of *Scotland* fixt,
He hath our mourninges with all comforts mixt.

Our honorable true Nobilitie,
Most high renowned Worthies of the Land,
Haue shew'd their loyall true fidelitie,
Conioyn'd by God, aswell in hart as hand:
These are carefull proppes and pillers of our Nation.
Haue giuen *Cæsar* right, by Proclamation.

And who is he that doth not giue consent,
With hart-pronounced found, *God saue the King*:
Vnlesse it be some Villian malecontent,
That mischief to his Country seekes to bring:
He that repineth at the Lordes Annoynted,
Like to a Traytor let him be disioynted.

B.

Neuer





AVE CÆSAR.

Neuer did King set foote on *English* ground,
With more applaw'd then our renowned *James*:
For as great ioyes within our hartes abound,
As euer were contay'd in all his Realmes:
Our loues to him the eyes of heau'n doth see,
Sound, as the subiectes should to Soueraigne bee.

Not great King *Henrie*, second of that name,
When with his royall Nauie he did sayle,
The rude and barb'rous *Irishmen* to tame,
Where most victoriously he did preuayle,
Subduing them vnder his Scepters length,
By honourable valour, Martiall strength.

Nor his sonne *Richard*, *Lyon*-harted King,
That deedes of Armes in other landes purfew'd
Could cause more ioy from peoples hartes to spring,
When they return'd from Countries they subdew'd:
In entertayning them to *Englands* shore,
Where tongues did shew what harts the subiects bore.

Nor





GOD SAVE THE KING.

Nor yet fift *Henry's* comming out of Fraunce,
From those high deedes that there he vndertooke :
Nor's Father, whom defartes did so aduaunce,
The peoples deare beloued *Bullenbrooke*,
Could haue more loue ready prepar'd to meete them,
Or more affection, presing foorth to greeete them.

Their welcomes were from warres they had in hand,
Which losse of blood, and valour cau'd to cease :
Thy welcomes are from out a quiet Land,
Inlarging vs a wondrous league of peace.
O welcome Prince of Peace and quietnesse :
The God of Peace thee and thine Iffue bleffe.

Most sacred *Tyme*, that with the World began,
And art ordayn'd Gods speciall Instrument,
To deale in all affayres concerning Man,
Numb'ring each minute that on earth is spent :
Thou that mak'st expedition with the winde,
To fly, and run, with Eagle, and with Hinde.

B ii.

Lay





A V E C Æ S A R.

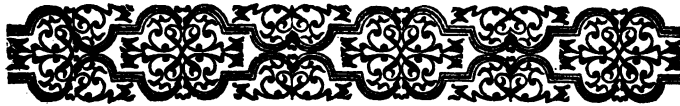
Lay downe thy fickle thou haft in thy hand,
Because thou muſt performe a nimble place :
Turne quicke about thine Hower-glaſſe of ſand,
Run for thy life to entertaine his Grace :
Make ſpeed good *Time* in this, to do vs pleaſure,
For all the Realme doth waite vpon thy leaſure.

Linger not by the way, to harken newes,
But let thy charge be rightly vnderſtood :
Flying reportes, let fooles and Ideots vſe,
Tale-carriers thou doeſt know were neuer good :
If any ſuch thou chaunce to ouer-take,
A baſe-account of them thou art to make.

I know thou know'ſt how to ſalute our Prince,
That haſt bin guide of Kinges into their Thrones :
That office thou haſt well performd long ſince,
Vnto all Gods elected holy-ones :
The chiefeſt thing we haue in expectation,
Is, that thou hie him to his Coronation.

Our





GOD SAVE THE KING.

Our Nobles all, to their immortall fame,
(Deferuing Peeres, of Honours best defartes)
Are duetifull prepared for the fame,
With firme consent of all true English hartes,
Who from their foules vnfaignedly do pray,
That euen this present, were crownation day.

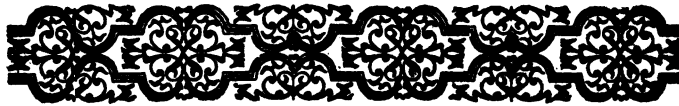
The Cittie with the loyall Magistrate,
The Maior, the Shriefes, the Aldermen, the rest,
Haue faythfull welcomes to him consecrate,
And all endeuour: loue may be expre'ft.
Yet can no triumph nor externall fhow,
Describe aright the inward loue they owe.

For often loue abounding in the minde,
From center of the hart, which doth containe it,
Cannot so absolute a passage finde,
As in an outward fulnesse may explaine it:
Loues treasurie hath very feldome bin
As foone layde out, as it is gath'red in.

B iii.

Descend





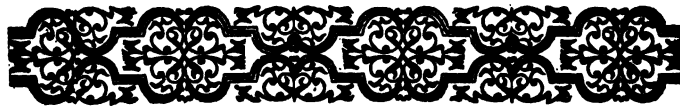
AVE CÆSAR.

Descend you *Muses* from *Parnassus* hill;
Bring Art in librell handes, and now bestow-it:
Let euery one present a flowing Quill,
In honour of our famous Kingly *Poet*:
And as the chearefull Larke doth mounting sing,
So eleuate the honour of the King.

Ioue adde a length of yeeres vnto his dayes,
That long in peace, by vs he be enioy'd.
Apollo tune thy Musicke to his prayse,
To better vfe it cannot be imployd.
Sound *Triton* through the Seas vast kingdame, found
That *Englands King* is comming to be Croun'd.

Ver, strow the Ground with thy delightfull greene,
For in thy season doth our Monarch come:
Be all the Fieldes in Sommers liuerie seene:
Attire the Trees, and let the Plants haue some:
Be bountifull and forward gentle Spring,
Thou canst not welcome a more worthy King.

Aboue





GOD SAVE THE KING.

Above all Trees, be kindest to the *Rose*,
For tis a Flower of a princely price:
There is a *White* and *Red* together growes,
I thinke the Plant came (first) from *Paradise*:
Let it be watred with some heau'nly shower,
For (on my life) it beares a blessed flower.

Bleft chiefly in the graft *Earle Richmond* made,
For till his time, those *Roses* were at strife,
Hee in a happie hower all quarrels stay'd,
Takeing fourth *Edwards* daughter to his wife:
So did the Houses both in one vnite,
Mixing the kingly *Red*, with princely *White*.

A glorious Arbour from this roote hath sprong,
Of sweetest *Roses*, crown'd with Diadames:
From Prince to Prince, the branch hath run along,
And now the noble Flower is cald *King James*.
Lord we intreat thee for our Countries good,
Graunt that his stocke may neuer want a bud.

B iiii.

Let





GOD SAVE THE KING.

Let Angels pitch their Tentes about his Throne:
Be thou his strength, his trust, his God, his guide:
Graunt that his dayes may be like *Salomon*,
A mirrour vnto all the world beside,
That those which heare his fame farre of to ring
Like Sabaes Queene, may all admire our King.

FINIS.





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DUE APR 24 1928

DUE MAY 24 1928

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